

UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

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[NUMBER 19.]

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UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION.

VOLUME XX.]

CHICAGO, JANUARY 7, 1888.

[NUMBER 19.]

EDITORIAL.

CHARACTER is contagious. Wherever it makes its appearance it is sure to spread.

THE spirit of religion has uses for names and words, but it is larger than them all.

LOVE, the primal force of the universe, is the ever-growing power in society.

WE read the records of the crimes in the world in the newspapers, but most of its virtues must go unrecorded, they are so numerous.

TRUE piety to-day seeks to denominationalize the charities, to unsect the philanthropies, to destroy the creed fences and break down the party walls of society.

LOVE is the only charity. The loving soul will make a home in a sod hut; but Vanderbilt has not wealth enough to make a home for a crippled newsboy without it.

THE case against Prof. E. C. Smyth, of Andover Theological Seminary, is to be placed on the calendar of the supreme court of Massachusetts, on appeal.

THE English Church receives in tithes about \$20,000,000 a year. Of this amount \$5,000,000 is expended in schools, hospitals, church buildings, etc., and the remaining \$15,000,000 goes to pay the salaries of the clergy.

THE *Messenger* asks a question full of significance: "While the church of Christ has been gathering in not more than three million of converts from the heathen world, the natural increase of that world has been twenty millions. Must not a tremendous advance be made somewhere along our lines of work?"

IT has been said that the greatest magazine article of the year just gone is Gladstone's "Universitas Hominum," in the December *North American Review*. In this he foresees the commonwealth of souls that "will include the sum total of human life and human experience as lived and as gathered on the surface of the globe."

THIS year let us all work to convert our churches to the work of religion. Let us direct the enthusiasm of the competent to the lasting but modest interests of humanity, that the petty interest of the "creed" and the "scheme" may go. Let our churches direct the high energies of our men and women to the renovation of this world, and the next will take care of itself.

THE *Methodist Recorder* well says: "It is not the men who make the greatest display in public, and do the greatest amount of fine talking, that do the most good; it is the quiet, earnest, faithful, persevering workers who find something to do, and, instead of talking about it, go to work and do it, that in the long run, accomplish most for God and humanity. It is work that tells; and it is workers that the world needs. The mightiest forces in nature are the silent forces, that are always in operation, doing their work. And

the men who accomplish the greatest good are the men who are always about their Father's business, quietly and unostentatiously, it may be, laboring to save souls and extend the cause of the Redeemer. "Go work to-day in my vineyard."

WHAT a Japanese reviewer in a native magazine has recently said of Christianity will some day be said of it in all countries: "Its perpetuity in our country depends upon the general enlightenment and learning of its teachers, not on the value of its dogmas; its adjuncts, and not its doctrines, will decide its fate. To their claim to supernatural origin we are supremely indifferent; to the value of the influences which accompany its propagation and acceptance we are keenly alive."

IOWA and Kansas are giving practical illustrations of the possibility and the legitimacy of uniting the public sense and conscience in a righteous law against the innovations of a demoralizing traffic in a pernicious poison—a traffic which is lifted ever into dangerous proportions by vicious appetite and the greed for money. Said a skeptical, but intelligent and candid witness: "I have more respect for prohibition since traveling through these states." Says an Iowa gambler: "The shot that killed Haddock at Sioux City has shattered our business in Iowa for good."

Is it left for a Boston man to discover and announce the sacred antiquities of Chicago? Edward Everett Hale writes us: "Is it a matter of common talk in Chicago that La Salle called the Chicago river the divine river? His text is, '*Pour aller vers la rivière divine, appelé par les sauvages Chicagou*,'—in order to approach the divine river which the savages called Chicagu." We fear that the Chicagoans are not fully alive to the sacred traditions of their local Jordan; but in this respect they are not much different from their fellows in other parts of the world. It is high spirituality that discovers the sanctities of things near.

WE are sorry to hear a report that our contributor, Rev. J. C. F. Grumbine, of Syracuse, has been asked to resign his charge, on account of his interest in the Henry George movement. Mr. Pentecost, as will be seen from an extract in another note taken from his resignation sermon at Newark, N. J., attributes the final friction which necessitated the step to the same cause. A recent number of the *Nation* jeers at both these men and the movement they represent. Surely the Anti-Poverty Society will have to take up more collections to save its apostles from poverty. We confess our incompetency to arrive at even a working judgment upon the merits of the propositions of Henry George and his associates; but we have no difficulty in seeing that they are earnest men, grappling with momentous problems, and that the present relations of capital and labor, of wealth and citizenship, are not ideal, that many things are bad and need mending, and unless the pulpit has a right to take a hand in any attempt at improvement and better adjustment in the spirit of love and the humility of wisdom, so much the worse for the church. The world will love those who labor for its elevation, even though they blunder, and the church cast them out. We like much the prophetic spirit in the charge which was given at the installation of one of our western ministers not many months ago: "Young man, preach upon the living questions of the day, even though you make a fool of yourself."

Is it not greater to live a noble book than to write one? Perhaps the literary poverty of the last year may be accounted for by the intensity with which the brains of the world are applied to the concrete problems of humanity. We can afford to excuse James Russell Lowell from the pages of the *Atlantic*, if he will only continue to put himself into American politics and labor as he does for its elevation. We can do without another story from Bjornsen, so long as we know that he is throwing the full weight of his genius into the struggle for democratic institutions and social purity in Norway. William Morris once wrote of the "Earthly Paradise." He is doing still better now, in working with might and main for the elevation of the laboring classes and securing better conditions for the growth of soul and training of mind; and our own Howells stops to glorify the Russian Tolstoi in his heroic attempts to rehabilitate the gospel power that once moved so mightily in Judea.

WITHIN the past week we have not only experienced a rare pleasure, but also received in Irving's "Faust" an incontrovertible argument for the theater. And it is of ponderous moral weight. Did there exist an Evil One, he must be that same sly, plausible, mocking Mephistophiles, buying the soul-sick Faust, and convulsing with a moral shudder the pure Margaret. Acting, scenery, stage-fittings, the entire conception, should and do make "Faust" a most marvelous, beautiful, aye terrible whole, burning itself into the heart. In the person of Faust himself, it declares with fearful earnestness that youth, wealth, power, pleasure, the entire gamut of delights pursued for themselves alone, yield indeed a temporary joy, but an ultimate and more enduring misery; while purity, truth, are self-redeeming and immortal. Margaret's innocence—her downfall—was likewise her salvation. This sermon being preached to the masses, let it be thundered forth, as by the Lyceum Theater Company, in stentorian tone, with well-nigh faultless utterance, that the stage manager of our day, like Molière 250 years ago, may lift the drama above the caviling of mistaken moralists. That sermon appealing not to eye, ear or heart alone, but to all, has found an undying utterance to the unchurched. The drama *will live*. Then let us purify it—demand its very best in star actors, in support, and in stage accompaniments.

WE have alluded in another paragraph to the causes which led the Rev. Hugh O. Pentecost to resign the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Newark. There is something Socratic in the manly frankness of the whole sermon, from which we hope to make further extracts. For our immediate purpose we make room for the following: "But the greatest friction in our relations has resulted from my economic views and my conception of the relation which should exist between the church and those who are not members of the church. There would have been no trouble between us on account of my theological opinions. Our strained relations are really the result of my association with those who are engaged in the work of social reform. If I had never advocated the doctrines of Henry George in this pulpit; if I had never spoken in the Academy of Music, New York, before the Anti-Poverty Society on Sunday evenings; if I had not 'entered politics' at our last charter election; if there had never been applause in this church; if I had never declared to the multitudes of non-churchgoers who have habitually thronged this building on Sunday evenings that they are the children of God along with us; if I had never exposed what is to me the fault and wickedness of the church in her unfaithfulness to these people, and hence her departure from the teaching and practice of Jesus; if I had done none of these things we should yet be moving on peacefully and possibly prosperously together, because there are many other Congregational ministers who are as far from old time orthodoxy as I have ever been in public utterance. But these things to which must be added that last straw which broke the camel's back, my declaration that the four revolution-

ists recently hung in Chicago were murdered, brought about a meeting of this church and society for the purpose of voting upon the question of my being permitted to remain pastor of the church, and which resulted in my favor, though the minority against me is large and positive."

A YOUNG lady in Iowa has translated the following delicate poem, said to be composed by the lamented Ludwig II., king of Bavaria, found among his papers after his tragic death. It commends a standard of friendship and brotherly integrity too seldom reached:

Should others of thy friends speak ill,
Though meaning well, it may be, doubt them still.
Let all the world his good name lend,
Mistrust the world, but not thy friend.
Be deaf to slander, in defense not slow,
If thou, heaven's gift, a friend wouldst know.

A true heart is a treasure rare,
This world has naught that can compare.
A thing it is of magic power,
Which firm faith strengthens hour by hour.
Whose sweet life withers at the breath of doubt,
When once 'tis broken hope dies out.

If such a gem its radiance lend to thee,
Dim not its lustre, let it cherished be.
O guard it well! The universe consign,
To be the setting for that gem of thine.
For this alone the power hath to bless:
This earth without it were a wilderness.

The beggar, of all worldly goods denied,
Counts one true heart, and beggary is defied!
While he to whom the fates have royalty decreed,
Without a friend—is poor indeed.

THE year 1856 was a notable one in the history of our city; for it witnessed the organization of Chicago's first free evening school, in charge of Daniel S. Wentworth, who, with other teachers, gave his services gratuitously. It opened with 60 scholars, the total enrollment during the session being 208. This successful experiment was repeated in January, 1863, 483 pupils being enrolled at the old Dearborn school, and in 1864 the Common Council of Chicago made its first appropriation of \$5,000 for the support of the good work. The evening high school class was organized in 1868, in charge of Selim H. Peabody, assisted by O. H. Westcott. Thus the enterprise grew yearly, and from 1856 to 1878 gave instruction to 34,000 pupils. There are now 21 evening schools scattered over the city,—4 on the north side, 5 on the south side, and 12 on the west side. This year the evening school has but now opened (January 2), and among the applicants there were some forty years of age. Last year 5,397 boys and 1,312 girls were taught, and this season will probably yield yet better results. No more worthy work can be done; and, could we but turn all that element hanging about low saloons and gambling dens into our night schools, what noble results might we not predict! Let us by all means cherish this noble enterprise, and use every effort to draw homeless and struggling boys and girls, men and women, under its helpful influence. The \$30,000 thus invested will yield us a rich interest, doubly and trebly compounded, not only in a more intelligent populace, but in a safer city, happier homes and greater financial prosperity. For sturdy intelligence brings thrift in its train.

1888.

WE wish our readers a Happy New Year! We turn confidently from 1887, the year burdened with many concerns, blackened with many disgraces, to 1888, the year which inherits so many unsolved problems and unfinished plans; the year with a great gospel to him who is stalwart enough to read it and courageous enough to face it; a year with heavy responsibilities—for our debt to the past must be paid to the future. However graciously we may cast our eyes backward, or willingly we may laud the achievements of the dead, we

will be defaulters before God if we do not serve 1888 with that augmented might that is theirs of the past plus our own. In religion, the travail of 1887 was for breadth. That concern for the heathen's soul after death; that respect for his convictions and opinions before death; that struggle for an undogmatic fellowship in the church of the spirit, the whisperings of a possible American church, in which life and not creed will be the test, are prophecies which 1888 must help fulfill. To this task UNITY invites the united co-operation of its readers. We will work, if possible, with unabated zeal and increasing confidence to spiritualize the religious activities and organizations with which we are connected, by struggling for the broadest fellowship, and insisting that high living must be the end of all religious organizations and all religious thinking. We will try to go through 1888 with one hand stretched far out to the devotee, who kneels at the shrines of the past, and the other reached with an equal cordiality to the most solitary pilgrim, who, failing to find what he wants at any of these shrines, wanders forth in search of the new. We will work as in the past, for an ethical religion and for religious ethics. We trust there is that in UNITY's past that forecasts its future. This year we are to celebrate our tenth birthday. May we not celebrate it in some worthy fashion? Reader, with your help, we would like to double our reading constituency, thereby doubling our capacity for usefulness even to our present constituency. We will try harder than ever to avoid the stumbling-block of mere dispute. We will try harder than ever to silently endure misrepresentations and the misunderstandings of our critics, rather than to soil our pages with blotches of controversy, or mar the music of our message, which is unity. Unless a false statement is corrected in the same columns in which it has appeared, it can not be corrected at all. So we will concern ourselves less and less with the details of debate, that we may bear an ever accumulating testimony to the religion of love, the gospel of humanity, that we may become better workers for the church of the Holy Endeavor, the brotherhood of Truth-seekers, the piety of practical righteousness, the devotion that springs from and ends in character. Friends, our united strength must be measured by our individual loyalty.

"Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be."

Dante.

The old year went out most auspiciously for Chicago. In the new Art Building, one of the noblest achievements of the last year in our city, there was held throughout holiday week a Dante School, the full programme of which we have already printed. Here, twice a day for six days, this great mediæval poet was interpreted by such experts as Dr. W. T. Harrison, Professors Thomas Davidson, D. J. Snider, L. F. Soldan, Miss M. E. Beedy and others. The attendance was an unexpected surprise. The lecture-room will seat about 250, and it was always comfortably filled, often uncomfortably crowded. The intelligence, and, it may be safely said, the fashion of Chicago, was well represented at these meetings; indeed, we are told that, "Dante is quite the thing in the best society in Chicago this winter." It is hopeful when *fashion* tends toward high culture. Dante and point lace are much more encouraging to the world than poodle dogs and joint lace. We regard with profound interest these rapidly multiplying summer and winter schools in Aristotle, Kant, Dante, Shakespeare and others, because these masters, when they reach their higher notes, all sing a common song—the song of universal brotherhood. But this Dante School closed with what seemed to us a defective note. One whom this age and the higher thought of these times had not neglected, one who seemed to be well fed and well favored, comfortable in body and mind, and apparently of good digestion, led his hearers by rhythmic paths through a dolorous journey in the dark, foggy, monotonous "later times." In well-measured lines he hinted at some gruesome doubts and

visionless solitudes of "modern thought," and he seemed to have great pity and sympathy for one born in the degenerate days of the 19th century. But at last he caught sight of the noble Florentine, back there in the 14th century. From his brow there came a light that made this age more tolerable, and his wail was changed into a song; for Dante taught the unity of life, the value of struggle, the purpose of being. Indeed, there seemed to be an atmosphere that pervaded the school that was a little archaic. There was an appetite for the tropes and myths of the past that was in danger of forgetting that it took the light of the 19th century to read the full meaning of these tropes, or the larger beauty of these myths, and that Florence plus America, Dante plus Emerson and Herbert Spencer was worth more than the Florence of the 14th century or the isolation of the pain-pinched Florentine—he who walked in the mazes of great truths, who could not and did not wholly extricate himself from the fallacies, cruelties and gloominess of his age and country. Let us not be misunderstood—we would not detract from the merited respect paid to this great world poet. His great poem is one of the literary bibles of the world. We reverently bow our heads before this most elaborated and art-full poem in literature. We will let these professors have their way. If they like they may call him the greatest religious poet of the world. We will not run the risk of using any names in connection with that of Dante. The growth of civilization makes it harder to individualize genius; but there has come since Dante's day a greater than Dante—the great composite man, Humanity. It, with its accumulated revelations and aggregated experiences, knows more than Dante knew and sees more than Dante saw. Many a gifted mouthpiece of this later man has penetrated deeper into the secrets of the Almighty and met the living God face to face more consciously than Dante ever did or ever could. We are glad that Dante lived and converted into poetry the philosophical abstractions of the master minds whose high thinking were uncorrected by the modest methods of science. But I am glad, also, that the day has come when it is impossible for another Dante to write another "Divine Comedy." Let genius do its best in interpreting the work of this still greater genius, the fact still remains that the world has outgrown Dante's conceptions. His awful hell, in which he seethed his personal enemies, presided over by his triangular devil with his three faces, vermilion, yellow and black, is left behind. It is well to humanize these pictures by depersonalizing them. Convert them into symbols and get all the comfort you can out of them; yet we believe that the fixity, the eternity of Dante's *Inferno* is a lie. It is not true. There are no depths of sin and misery so deep but what the redemptive power of God working through the elastic forces of the human soul will reach down and lift up.

We are glad of the purgatorial symbolism in the second part of Dante's great work; but if rightly read, better illustrations of the redemptive processes of Nature may be found in the court reports and prison statistics than can be found in the artificial cycles of Dante's purgatory. And to the kid-gloved, spiritual dyspeptic, who turns from these with mental loathing to luxuriate in Dante's figures, we would say, "You are unpoetic, prosaic and vulgar of spirit, lacking in the imagination which made Dante master."

Dante pictured his paradise as a rose, the petals of which were made of human faces over which brooded the triple rings of deity; but higher than this is the later conception, which finds the ineffable now and here and everywhere, and hopes for an endless freedom for the human soul.

The vision which Dante gave only to angels is now vouchsafed to thinking man:

"I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less
In the kind I imagined, full fronts me, and God is seen God,
In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the clod."

Dante was lifted into Paradise by "looking up;" perhaps Goethe recommended a more direct road to the divine by

"looking down," seeking to find the mystery of the roses before mastering the meteor, following the path of humblest duty until it leads to the transfiguration mount.

"With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it, too,
The submission of Man's nothing-perfect to God's All-Complete,
As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet!"

True reverence for the Florentine of the 14th century demands that we should be willing to accept the exile which waits the foremost files of the 19th century as he did in his day. We must think our own thoughts as he thought his, and not use his genius to excuse our antique theologies and listless formulas.

CONTRIBUTED AND SELECTED.

Greeting.

November 3, 1887.

When true hearts wed, November skies
Doff their dull gray, and don the dyes
Of roseate June; the very mist,
Touched to the tenderest amethyst,
A bride-veil on the horizon lies.

Sumac with flaming maple vies
As bridal torch; soft pæans rise,
The blithe south wind turns organist,
When true hearts wed.

And we, when Nature glorifies
The happy day, what worthy prize
Bring we to grace it? Flowers heart-kissed,
All glad good wishes ear can list,
All blessings true love prophesies,
When true hearts wed!

A. W. B.

Was it a myth from the days of old,
When the sunlight slept in the speech of men?
Was it a tale the wise had told,
Or a flashing dream from beyond their ken?

'Twas a tale of wonder. At times (so it said)
A marvelous light the earth had blessed,
And they on whose path it had fallen and fled
Could nevermore cease from its eager quest.

Under its glow was the wide world changed;
Beauty undreamed of awoke around;
Lives without purpose, from joy estranged,
Under its glory new value found.

Some scoffed at the tale as an idle dream,
But deep in his heart each held it for true,
And only to catch a fleeting gleam
Many would wander the wide world through.

Some sought where the sunrise stains with rose
The crest of the wave that is next the sky;
Some peered where the heart of the jewel glows;
Some watched where the student's oil flares high.

And some looked deep into answering eyes,—
So deep they could nevermore forget,—
And all the glory of sea and skies
Paled in a light more radiant yet.

L. A. L.

Walt Whitman.

A few years ago, in turning over the leaves of some magazine (probably *Harper's* or the *Century*), my attention was attracted to a little poem of five or six dithyrambic lines, over the name of Walt Whitman. I knew little of Whitman, except what was of a nature to throw contempt on his work, or to rouse grave suspicions. But something in the name of the poem caught my eye, of which I have no remembrance, farther than of its being a sea poem, written in his pe-

culiar untechnical style. As to the impression it left—have you ever gone down from the sultry inland to the seashore some August afternoon? Then you remember it—your first whiff of the salt sea breeze—like stepping into a new and a more highly vitalized world. All was changed; you seemed to have quaffed of the grand elixir of life, your breathing became more full-throated, your step buoyant, and you began to feel the joyousness of an unwearied life, bounding with a full pulse. Something like that was my mental experience. Whatever the defects of the poem, it imparted something new and fresh—fresh as the breeze of his own much-loved Paumanok. Since that time, I have read every sentence of Whitman's that I could find in newspaper or magazine; have read and re-read his two books; have eagerly sought for accounts of his ways of life, and for criticisms of his poetry and prose; and in spite of much adverse criticism from high literary authority, and some dreary wastes in his poetry, that first impression remains unchanged. His verse has a freshness that savors of the earth. It is one with the green leaves, the growing grass, the falling rain, the sea with its endless rocking and moaning, the song of bird, chirp of cricket, the whistling of the wind, and day and night; it is one with Saturn and ruddy Mars, and the "splendid, silent sun." As one reads, he seems to have gone back to some pristine age before the artificiality of modern society had crept in, and made us too eager to trick out our thoughts in gayly-ribboned dress. It is as though a strangely large-throated bird had sung it, or a waving, boundless prairie had uttered it, or the sea told it to the shore. He has the Greek's love of life, and his highest strains are not unworthy the attention of the best head among the Greeks,—even Homer or Plato. If any one doubts the justness of such praise, let him read "Proud Music of the Storm," or "When Lilacs Last in the Door-yard Bloomed," or "Song of the Open Road," or "Passage to India,"—read carefully, alone, and he will forget to censure, and will praise the master of such majestic tones. Suppose you were to happen on these lines for the first time:

"Ah, from a little child,
Thou knowest, soul, how to me all sounds became music;
My mother's voice, in lullaby or hymn,
(The voice, O! tender voices, memory's loving voices,
Last miracle of all, O! dearest mother's, sisters' voices);
The rain, the growing corn, the breeze among the long-leav'd corn,
The measured sea-surf, beating on the sand,
The twittering bird, the hawk's sharp scream,
The wild-fowl's notes at night, flying low, migrating north or south,
The psalm in the country church, or 'mid the clustering trees, the
open-air camp-meeting,
The fiddler in the tavern, the glee, the long-strung sailor song,
The lowing cattle, bleating sheep, the crowing cock at dawn."

—would they not refresh you like a newly plowed field, or like salt sea spray?

But this is written not to call attention to Whitman's large democratic principles; nor to the fact that he is Nature's poet, and sees everything; nor to his luscious richness of language, and his unquestionably great gift of imagination—the poet's severest test; nor to his having cleared our brains of that cobweb of conventionality that has kept us imprisoned to the notion that the "jingling serenader's art" is indispensable to poetry; but to say to the reader of *UNITY* that this poet is one of the most hardy, unflinching optimists the world has seen, and that he stands without a peer as a singer of death-songs. His hope for the world is boundless. The bravest of the transcendentalists can not match him for contentment with the order of the universe:

"No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God and about death."

"I find letters from God dropt in the street, and every one is signed by God's name."

"My rendezvous is appointed, it is certain:
The Lord will be there and wait till I come on perfect terms;
The great Camerado, the lover true for whom I pine, will be there."

"There is that in me—I do not know what it is—but I know it is in me.
Wrenched and sweaty—cool and calm then my body becomes, I sleep,
I sleep long.
I do not know it—it is without name—it is a word unsaid,
It is not in any dictionary, utterance, symbol.
Something it swings on more than the earth I swing on.
To it the creation is the friend whose embracing awakes me.
Perhaps I might tell more. Outlines! I plead for my brothers and sisters!
Do you see, O my brothers and sisters?
It is not chaos or death—it is form, union, plan—it is eternal life—it is happiness."

"And as to you, Death, and you, bitter hug of mortality, it is idle to try to alarm me."

The Greeks luxuriated in life, but they had not the calm thought of death that their ancestors, the brooding Orientals, had. Death was the end of the dance, the race, the dramatic exhibitions, the academic groves, the warm thrill of life. Now Whitman has the Greek's love of life, and he has the Oriental's reverence for death. It is as well to die as to live. Death is God's minister, and comes when we need it. It is in the good plan. Whitman, above all other poets, recognizes this truth. What a high note is this:

"Come, lovely and soothing Death,
Undulate around the world, serenely arriving, arriving,
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,
Sooner or later, delicate Death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious.
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding Death."

Whitman's unswerving trust that everything is tending toward the best, makes his love high and broad, like the love of God. The story is told of his meeting in a by-street in Boston a poor ruffian,—one whom he had known as an innocent boy, who was now vicious beyond his years, and who was flying from the police for mortally wounding some one in a brawl in New York. He hurriedly told Whitman his story, keeping back nothing; and the good poet, after helping him from his scant means, held him for a moment with his arm around his neck, and bending to the prematurely old and crime-marred face, kissed him on the cheek, and the poor hunted wretch, melted at this act of great tenderness, hurried away sobbing and in tears. He whose heart is like that is God's man and man's man, and is to be revered with the great of all ages.

G. D. BLACK.

THE UNITY CLUB.

Carlyle and George Eliot, Again.

In a recent number of UNITY a four evenings' study of Carlyle's two essays on "Burns" and "Characteristics" was outlined; and not long before, a four evenings' study of George Eliot's poem, the "Spanish Gipsy." A very different method of studying the two authors is suggested by the programme of the "Association for Moral and Spiritual Improvement"—the long way of spelling Unity Club—connected with Mr. Chadwick's church in Brooklyn, N. Y. Alternating with the minister's lectures on Europe, eight Sunday evenings in the church are given to Carlyle and six to George Eliot, the one essay of each evening being followed by conversation and discussion. The programme would help other classes, for it names some of the points and questions to be treated in each paper, and gives a list of books and essays to be consulted by the readers.

The "Carlyle" is divided as follows:

1. Personal History and Characteristics.
2. Carlyle and Emerson.
3. The Historian.

4. The Teacher of Morals.
 5. The Reformer.
 6. The Hero-worshiper.
 7. Carlyle and Goethe.
 8. Carlyle the Thinker.
- The six evenings with George Eliot are:
1. Personal History.
 2. The Story-writer.
 3. The Poet.
 4. The Essayist.
 5. George Eliot's Religion.
 6. The Ethical Influence of her Writings.

And the winter's work ends with a lecture by Mr. Chadwick, on the "Influence of the Thinker on Practical Affairs."

The Reading Circles of the W. C. T. U.

THE TWENTY-FOUR BOOKS.

The promised list of books recommended for reading circles among the temperance workers has been prepared by Mrs. E. W. Andrew, the editor of the W. C. T. U. publications—a list, *not* mainly of temperance books, the very object being to help the earnest workers from falling into the rut of their one reform. "The ideal of each of us must be to attain an 'individuality balanced and benignant,' which shall be equal to the great work God gives us to do." So says Mrs. Andrew, and to this end, with advice from others, she selects twenty-four varied volumes, but all of the mind-taking and mind-giving kind. "Each book has been chosen with thoughtful care. In regard to one of the studies here contemplated, one wisely says: 'The thought of all concerned in the consideration of these questions is changing in regard to political economy, which is becoming *humanized* and *Christianized*.' In connection with the works on labor, finance, political economy, etc., I have introduced Helen Campbell's 'Prisoners of Poverty.' The author is a member of the American Economic Association, of which Professor Ely, of Johns Hopkins University, is president. At the request of the association she went down into the depths of the deepest poverty, and tells what she found there. The book is a vivid object lesson. Some of our advisers have pleaded for a somewhat broader course than was fully contemplated in the beginning,—one which might include general literature, poetry, history, and essays. Therefore, volumes of this kind are welcomed within the sacred circle. 'Free Rum on the Congo,' by William T. Hornaday, is the earnest outburst of a generous heart, stirred to its depths by the wrongs of a Christian civilization toward the African—wronges far beyond those of the days of slavery. It is claimed that Hon. Walter T. Mills' 'Science of Politics' is the only hand-book of the kind in existence, and invaluable for our help in that line of knowledge. Miss Willard pronounces Professor Drummond's 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World' 'the most notable religious book of our time.'"

As to *methods* for the reading circles: "In places where the members are widely scattered, it would perhaps be best to select a volume for general reading, and have a certain portion read aloud, followed by informal discussion, as a part of the programme for the regular meeting; and let other books of the list be taken home to be read in turn by the members, appointing a librarian, who shall keep a careful account of all that relates to the plan. It might be arranged to do much good by loaning the books to persons outside the union, thus making it a public circulating library. In any case, get as many, or all of the books, if possible. A careful reference has been made throughout, to the cost, in this selection, so that the book should not be out of reach of even the unions of few numbers and scant treasury. If you can only get a few of the list, *get those and begin*. The plan that, it seems to me, would bring the largest return of enthusiasm and help, would be, where practicable, to form study-circles, meeting as often

as convenient, *but regularly*,—and for the special purpose of pursuing this course."

The books can be obtained from the Woman's Temperance Publication Association, 161 La Salle street, Chicago. And here is the list of the twenty-four:

1. Duties of Women, by Francis Power Cobbe, 25 and 50 cents.
2. Free Rum on the Congo, by W. T. Hornaday, 25 and 75 cents.
3. What to Wear, by Elizabeth S. Phelps, \$1.00.
4. The Tobacco Problem, by Meta Lander, \$1.25.
5. Hygiene of the Home, by Susan B. Barnes, \$1.00.
6. How to Win, by Frances E. Willard, \$1.00.
7. Common Sense About Women, by Col. T. W. Higginson, \$1.50.
8. Economics for the People, by R. R. Bowker, 75 cents.
9. Natural Law in the Spiritual World, by Prof. H. Drummond, 60 cents.
10. Political Economy for Beginners, by Millicent G. Fawcett, 75 cents.
11. What Shall We do with our Daughters, by Mary A. Livermore, \$1.25.
12. On Education, by Herbert Spencer, \$1.25.
13. Prisoners of Poverty, by Helen Campbell, 50 cents and \$1.00.
14. The Philosophy of Wealth, by Prof. J. B. Clark, \$1.00.
15. The Science of Politics, by Hon. W. T. Mills, \$1.00.
16. Subjection of Women, by J. S. Mill probably, 75 cents.
17. The Labor Problem, edited by W. E. Barnes, \$1.00.
18. Poets of America, by Edmund C. Stedman, \$2.25.
19. Famous American Authors, by Sarah K. Bolton, \$1.50.
20. The Past and Present of Political Economy, by Prof. Richard T. Ely, 35 cents.
21. Our Country, by Rev. Josiah Strong, 25 and 50 cents.
22. The Poison Problem, by Felix L. Oswald, 25 cents.
23. The Future of Educated Women, by Helen Ekin Starrett; and Men, Women and Money, by Frances E. Allison, 75 cents.
24. Household Education, by Harriet Martineau, \$1.00.

THE STUDY TABLE.

The Old Farm Home: A Shadow of a Poem. By Abbie M. Gannett. Boston: D. Lothrop Company. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co. 75 cents.

This little book, just issued by the D. Lothrop Company, will be welcomed by all lovers of New England. Its modest title, "*The Old Farm Home: A Shadow of a Poem*," and its proem of two lines:

"Their lives the poem were; the faltering line
Mere shadow of a substance quite divine."

disarm criticism at the outset, while the unpretentious verse describing the New England farm home, the family with its growth of thought, ambition, aspiration, and the half-hidden story of a maiden's life, lead the reader on to the last page, where he breathes a sigh that so few homes are left to the hills and pastures of New England. The opening lines give a glimpse of the farm so familiar to many:

"A bit of choice New England green
Bosomed the rocky hills between—"

with the farm-house whose

"Great beams upheld the unplastered wall;
The kitchen chimney, huge and tall,
Disclosed the yawning fireplace, where
The oak logs burned with ruddy glare;
The andirons stood for use, not show;
Above the dresser's polished row
Of tins, the sweet corn, braided strong,
Apples in many a festoon long
Drying with herbs—a savory throng."

Farther on we see the fruitful fields, where

"The yellow pollen, falling soon,
Builds kernels sweet through ripening June;
With spears innumerable the wheat
Guards its green ranks through July's heat."

Songs and short poems are scattered through the narrative, each bringing its little story, sentiment or thought to enrich the whole. Among the former are "*Sunset*," "*The Purple Clematis*," "*The Ferns*," "*A Little Bird Whispered*," containing descriptions of nature, with delicate touches of sentiment; while "*Christmas*," "*The Birth of Faith*," "*Transcendence*," "*The Voice of Justice*," and others, express pure aspiration for love, truth and righteousness. A dainty bit of word-painting is seen in the following lines:

"Oh, memory's tears! the firm-set years,
Glide back and let the picture through—
The long, green meadows, wet with dew,
The daisies springing white and new,
The scent of fresh life in the air,
The flying birds adrift in song,
As with glad step she walks along,
The slender maid with wind-swept hair.
Oh, firm-set years, delay your haste
To shut the picture from my view;
The woman, though with sorrows few
That deeply press, or cares that waste,
May well desire to hold anew
The scene beloved, to her so fair,
The dear, home meadows wet with dew,
The slender maid with wind-swept hair."

Through many of the lines breathes an earnest

"Thought of One who globed a world
And spheres the diamond drop of dew,
Has pulsed the solemn ages through,—
Truth's utmost banner wide unfurled!"

The author, Mrs. Abbie M. Gannett, a writer not unknown to UNITY readers, has met and overcome the "freezing doubt" which sooner or later confronts the earnest soul, and gladly sings:

"When as children we
Look upward reverently,
Filled by a joy serene, we touch his garment's hem!"
"And while flowers wake above the sod,
And stars gleam in the arch of night,—
Love mourns her dear ones hid from sight,—
There still will be the thought of God!"

The book is put up in a pretty, inexpensive form, making a dainty little volume that will be dear to those who once dwelt in the old farm home to which they look back through a vista of years with longing and regret.

SARAH E. BURTON.

THE HOME.

Playing in Earnest.

"Oh dear! What shall we play? I'm so tired of dolls and tea-parties!" said Della, setting her beloved, sawdust-stuffed lady down upon a play chair in no very gentle manner.

"So am I," agreed Ettie, who began to hope vaguely that Della's fertile brain would contrive something equal to the emergency of such a long, rainy Monday, and nowhere to play but up in the big chamber under the roof.

"We've played ball till mamma said it made too much noise, and there isn't room enough for 'Hide-and-Seek.'"

"'Puss-in-the-Corner' we play all the time at school, besides there's only two of us," chimed in Ettie. "I wish it wasn't so far to school, and then we could go if it did rain hard."

"Well, we must think up something. I'm glad your mother let you come in and play with me, any way," said Della, with her usual make-the-best-of-it spirit.

"Yes, but she wouldn't if it hadn't been just across the yard. She would not let me go to church yesterday, and it isn't much farther, for she said I would spoil my dress."

"I went if it did rain; mamma just put my water-proof over my head, and I ran all the way. Oh! I know—let's play meeting now. That'll be splendid! We can fix up a place for a church, and put these two long boxes in for pews."

"I don't see how we can make a church."

"Let me see," reflected Della; "they are always long,

with a pulpit at one end and a steeple at the other. This row of trunks piled up will be just the thing for one side, and we can set these chairs, with the backs turned in for the other side."

"That makes a real nice room. I'll bring in the boxes now for us to sit on," said satisfied Ettie. But Della's work was but just begun. She stood with her finger at her lips, looking for a suitable pulpit.

"That box would do, only it's too heavy—we can't get it over there."

"There are plenty of chairs," suggested Ettie.

"But the minister don't sit down—he stands up," persisted Della, intent upon having it all in proper order.

"There'll have to be a desk then," was the next difficulty.

"We *might* take that old, low chair and turn it round, so the back would be the desk and the seat the platform.

"So we can—that'll be just it."

But now for the steeple. They could find nothing that quite suited their ideas of elegance, and Della's ingenuity was at last obliged to resort to the blessing of "plenty of chairs;" and, finding an old umbrella, they bound it firmly to the back, so that it formed quite a respectable spire after all, and calling the seat the front portico, with a space each side for the open church doors, they now stood back to view their edifice in its completion. As they did so, Ettie's face began to grow sober.

"I'm afraid it's wicked for us to play meetin'," she said quite reverently.

"Wicked? I don't believe 'tis. What makes you think so?"

"Mamma says 'tis—to make fun of anything that is about the Bible."

"I'm not making fun, *one bit*," said Della, quite earnestly. "I wouldn't make fun of the Bible for *anything*; but we can have *real* meetin', I mean."

"Real meetin'! Why, it isn't Sunday!"

"I know it, but don't they have meetin' any day but Sunday? I'm sure I say my prayers every night, and mamma says God is everywhere, all the time, and that he likes to have us pray little, short prayers to him very often."

"Doesn't it make you feel afraid to think that God is everywhere? Do you really think he's right here in this very room now?"

"Yes, I do. But it doesn't make *me* afraid."

"It does me, because mamma told me the Bible calls him a 'terrible God' and if we do wrong he punishes us."

"Yes, but he's only terrible to folks who don't want to *try* to be good. My mamma says he loves us very dearly—better, even than she or papa *can* love me—because he's so much greater, and I love to be with my papa and mamma; so I like to think that God is right close to me, and I can pray to him any time. Now come, let's go in and sit down."

"I can't help thinking it's wicked," said Ettie, mournfully.

"Then if you keep thinking so, you musn't come. I mean to do it *real truly*,—just as I do when I say 'Now I lay me,' or when I go to Sunday-school."

"I'll try to, then." Accordingly, they both went in and took their seats. They sat very still a few minutes, when Ettie leaned over and whispered, "There isn't any minister!"

Della looked up in vague surprise, as this deficiency dawned upon her, and then replied quite contentedly:

"I don't mind if there isn't any. I can say my prayers just as well."

Ettie whispered back, "But I tried to feel just as if I really was at church, and I couldn't because there wasn't a minister to preach."

"Well, then, said Della, "we won't call it church at all, but only a little meeting, for you and me—same as mamma goes to Friday afternoons, and they don't have any minister. I'll say a prayer."

So both the little girls knelt down and Della repeated the

Lord's prayer, adding, in her own sweet, childish way: "And please, dear Father in Heaven, take all the naughty thoughts out of our hearts, and whenever we feel angry or selfish please don't let us forget that thou art very close to us every minute, and art very sorry when we are not good. Please to forgive us if it is wrong for us to say our prayers up here, for we don't mean anything bad. Amen." Then Della seated herself again, and Ettie whispered, "Let's have meetin' out." "You haven't said yours," answered Della. "I don't think I can." So they both quietly left the church and went to the front window to watch the rain. Slowly Ettie said, "I don't see what made me feel so different, when you prayed, from what I do at real meetin'."

"Why, how did you feel?"

"I don't know. I wished I could say it, and feel just as you did."

"Why can't you?"

"It seems so different, for our minister and my father always begin a prayer, 'O Lord God Almighty,' and it makes me tremble; but when you said, 'Dear Father in Heaven,' it seemed just as if he really was right here, and you felt him and loved him."

Mammas are very apt to think that something is wrong when the children are quiet, and that may have been the reason that just here the door opened, and Della's mamma came in.

"What are my little girls doing?" she asked, coming over and putting an arm around each. "What sort of a house is that?"

"It's a meetin'-house," explained Della. "We were so tired playing dolls that I thought 'twould be nice to have meetin'."

"How did you have it?"

"We didn't have any minister, so we just said our prayers—at least, I did; Ettie didn't like to."

"Why not?" asked mamma, looking kindly at Ettie.

"I was afraid it wouldn't be right," said Ettie, with her lip beginning to quiver, "but I guess now that God wouldn't have been angry."

"Our Father is always glad to have us think of him and pray to him, because it keeps us nearer him, and makes it easier to keep away evil thoughts. But I didn't hear any singing, and they always sing at meetings. Here are singing-books; we'll go into your house and finish the meeting."

"Oh do!" cried Della, glad to have her mamma take up the plan. So they sang two or three pretty songs that they all knew, and then mamma knelt down and said, "Dear Father, we pray thee to bless our little prayer-meeting, and give us true hearts full of love for thee, and desire to do whatever is right in thy sight. Teach us to grow nearer to thee every day, and to find a greater happiness in the thought of thy presence than in any earthly pleasure. So shall we be better able to give help and happiness to others, and live a life more like that of Jesus Christ. Amen." Then they sang another song and dismissed the meeting.

"Oh mamma, can't we come up here every day after school, and will you come too and help us?"

"Do you think you would like to?"

"Oh yes, so much!"

"I could understand every word you said," exclaimed Ettie, with bright eyes. "Most everybody prays such big words, and for people and things so far off, that I never feel as if God was very near."

"I will see if I can fix you a prettier little nook up here for a church, and then we will come up every Saturday afternoon and have a meeting. And you may ask one or two of your little mates, if you like. So we can look over the Sunday-school lessons, and sing some of the songs." And so it came about that what was started in playful earnest, grew to be a regular weekly occurrence, and out of the five little hearts that came and went there wasn't one who didn't find God more of a Father and friend than ever before. E. T. L.

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NOTES FROM THE FIELD.

Boston.—Prof. James G. Murdock has succeeded in inaugurating a wide interest among our younger ministers of various denominations in our local schools of expression and elocution classes. A full and distinct pulpit utterance rather than lighter graces seems to be aimed after. At our late superintendents' and teachers' union, a general lesson of five minutes' duration, to follow the opening exercises of the Sunday-school, was advocated.

—The Sunday evening theater meetings under the auspices of the Harvard students, and given by their university preachers of various denominations, are still well attended. The Channing Club will, on Sunday evening, January 8, open a series of four meetings for young people. The speakers and subjects will be as follows: January 8, Rev. Brooke Herford, at the Church of the Unity. Subject: "Rise and Development of Unitarianism Abroad." January 15, Rev. James De Normandie, at the South Congregational Church. Subject: "Unitarianism as a Theology and Religion for the Young Men of America." January 22, Rev. E. E. Hale, at the Mt. Pleasant Church, Dudley street, Roxbury. Subject: "Rise and Development of the Unitarian Church in America and the Anti-slavery Movement." January 29, Rev. M. J. Savage, at the First Church, Marlborough and Berkeley streets. Subject: "The Duties of Young Unitarians to the Liberal Movement."

—Christmas seems this year to have curtailed its usual volume of flying picture cards, and to have returned in large measure to the older fashion of gifts of home handiwork. The Puritan prejudice against the observance of this festival has now mostly passed away,—no doubt driven by the now prevalent more social methods of church and Sunday-school life, as well as by the cheap and abundant tokens of Christmas greeting which fill the shop windows of city and village.

—With our moderate December weather it is pleasing to see some of our oldest prominent ministers almost daily at the American Unitarian Association rooms, Dr. Clarke and Dr. Bartol on Monday after their regular weekly services; Dr. Hedge and Dr. Morrison to talk up a coming review article from their pens; Dr. Corder to look after his last success—the American Unitarian Association building—thinking of some further uses for its many facilities.

Japan.—One hundred and fifty six authors applied for copyright certificates in this pagan country within one month last year, to which country Christianity sends Bibles, whisky, gunpowder and missionaries.

Chicago.—Mr. Blake led the teachers' meeting on Tuesday. The lesson was the 9th chapter of Luke, and the discussion was mostly concerned with the two great miracles, the feeding of the multitude, and the transfiguration. He first gave the explanations made by those who seek a naturalistic basis for the miracles, and then advanced his own views, viz.: the author meant to record a supernatural event. The transfiguration was one of the three great miracles upon which the supernatural lordship of Jesus rests in the popular mind. The baptism vision and the resurrection are the other two. The origin of the idea of demoniacal possession was traced to the sources which gave rise to polytheism. It belonged to the unscientific conception of the world, before the sense of unity had preëmpted the mind. This now compels all theologies and all philosophies to respect it.

—The gentlemen's leap year party, at All Souls church, was something much pleasanter than a good social hit. The ever-adaptable church rooms were made to present a fresh face. Chairs were set back; large wood fires flamed for the first time in the grates of the auditorium, in addition to the familiar cordiality of the parlor and library fire-places; tables of various sizes were prettily set forth with good things; plenty of men were around, to show that there is no sphere which limits masculine possibilities, and that men have rights to enter any activity in which they can do well no less than women. They did all the work, and the service was admirable. The women came in large numbers. They took off their things and stayed a long time. The humor and fellowship continued until it naturally blended into a good meeting of the regular Dickens section of the Unity Club.

Buda, Ill.—Rev. Chester Covell preached his closing sermon as pastor of the Buda church, January 1—the closing sermon of a thirty years' pastorate in Illinois! We extend congratulations to our worthy friend and fellow-worker, and to his old parishioners that his duties as state secretary will not necessarily remove his residence from Buda. From the old center his influence is to radiate throughout the state. He goes to Warren, January 8, and is soon to visit Champaign, and plan for a course of lectures and sermons there by different ministers. We wish him God speed in his missionary work.

England.—Rev. John Page Hopps, the tireless minister at Leicester, England, who, in a large hall of that city, has proved that one man at least knows how to reach the working people of a modern city with the words and songs of the liberal faith, has been for several years printing a little monthly magazine called the *Truth-Speaker*. He turns this now into a monthly publication of his sermons,—each monthly part to hold two sermons. Price, half-a-crown a year. Address, John Page Hopps, Lea Hurst, Leicester, England.

Princeton, Ill.—The Western Secretary, J. R. Effinger, spent Sunday, January 1, at Princeton, preaching twice to the Sunday Circle, in the parlors of Mrs. C. J. Richardson. He found encouraging indications of growing interest. The church nucleus is already formed, and awaits the coming minister to lead them on to larger activities. Meanwhile the people are getting the education and culture that come of conducting their own services from Sunday to Sunday.

Toledo, Ohio.—The reawakening of our cause in this city, under the leadership of Rev. A. G. Jennings, is of the most hopeful kind. The local papers report a delightful Christmas celebration held at the private residence of one of the members. There were songs, declamations and an allegorical operatta, in which Faith, Hope and Charity appeared, the whole ending with a snow house, a Christmas tree and a Santa Claus. We congratulate our friends at Toledo.

Sheffield, Ill.—The Post-office Mission committee of the Illinois State Conference meets this week in Sheffield, to compare notes and plan for

future work. This is a move in the right direction. The systematic work is the effective work. What has been done already through the Post-office Mission is but the beginning of what may be done when we learn better how to use our opportunities.

India.—Dr. Hunter, an English authority, says: "India is now one of the most rapidly progressive countries on the earth." He estimates that 1600 new books were printed in Bombay alone. The larger number of these books were printed in the language of the Parsees, the inheritors of the most spiritual, democratic and ethical of all the ancient religions, perhaps.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

CHICAGO CALENDAR.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, corner Michigan avenue and Twenty-third street. David Utter, minister. Sunday, Jan. 8, services at 11 A. M. Study section of the Fraternity, Jan. 20; subject: "Charles Sumner"

UNITY CHURCH, corner Dearborn avenue and Walton place. Thomas G. Milsted, minister. Sunday, Jan. 8, services at 10:45 A. M.

THIRD UNITARIAN CHURCH, corner Monroe and Laflin streets. James Vila Blake, minister. Sunday, Jan. 8, services at 10:45 A. M.

ALL SOULS CHURCH, corner of Oakwood boulevard and Langley avenue. Jenkin Lloyd Jones, minister. Sunday, Jan. 8, morning services at 11 A. M., subject: "Justice." Evening service, 8 P. M. The second of the series of sermons from stories; Bjornson's "Arne." Monday evening, Emerson section of the Unity Club; Tuesday evening, Philosophy section; Thursday evening, annual meeting of the church; Friday, 7:30 P. M., Teachers' meeting, 8:30 P. M. Choral Club.

UNITY CHURCH, HINSDALE. W. C. Gannett, minister. Sunday, Jan. 8, services at 10:45 A. M.

PRESENT ADDRESS.—The address of Rev. George Batchelor, western agent of the A. U. A., for January, will be Unity Office, 175 Dearborn st., Chicago, Ill.

ILLINOIS WOMAN'S PRESS ASSOCIATION. The annual meeting of the Illinois Women's Press Association will be held on Thursday evening, January 12, at the Club Rooms of the Sherman House. Officers for the ensuing year are to be elected, and reports given showing what the Association has already done and what it hopes to do, with its present broad outlook, in the coming year. All interested in the work are cordially invited to be present.

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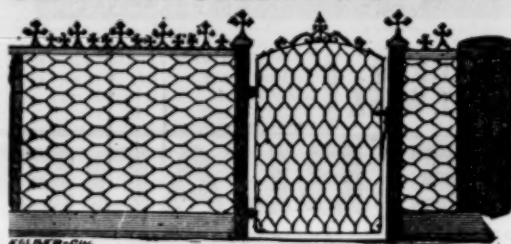
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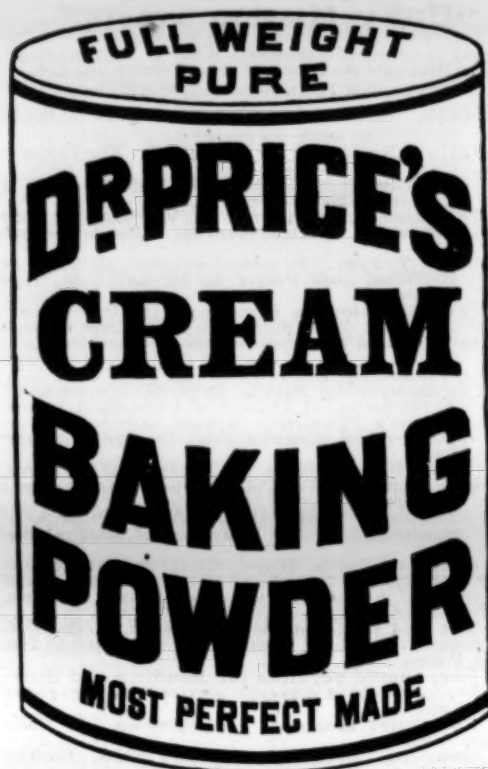
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